

THE WAR CRY



OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA WEST

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS:
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HENRY C. HODDER, Commissioner.



GUARD WELL THE FOUNDATIONS OF NATIONAL RIGHTEOUSNESS
LITTLE PESTS DESTROY GREAT HARVESTS



WEeping AND REAPING

"He that went forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

THE SOWER

THE man behind the seed-bag. It is all-important that the seed should be right; but it is also important that the man who sows it should be right, that sound doctrine should have a sound man to publish it. A missionary or evangelist is a messenger, yet not such a messenger as the telegraph boy who hands you a telegram. You take the telegram and pay no regard to the boy, who does not in any way affect the message. It is not so with the messenger of the Gospel. He ought to be a character corresponding to the message he brings, and it has been said that character transcends performance. A man is more than what he does.

THE AIM OF THE SOWER

THERE are some businesses that can be carried on at home; there are others which must be conducted abroad. A man may make shoes in his back shop, but he cannot catch fish there. It is in the nature of the case that the fisherman and the sower should go forth out of doors. Let us say reverently that our great Exemplar, the Lord Jesus Christ, could not sit in Heaven and see sinners die. Therefore He came to Bethlehem and to Calvary.

THE PURPOSE OF THE SOWER

HE goes out to sow. The seed and the soil must be brought together, and he gives his whole mind to that business. The evangelist or missionary needs to take care not to be turned aside from his proper work, and not to meddle with things which are not required of him. If you look at a sower in the field you will see a man with a seed-bag on his breast, scattering the seed with both hands, right and left, wholly devoted to one work. He has gone forth to sow.

THE CONDITION OF THE SOWER

IT IS indicated in the words, "He that goeth forth and weepeth," we do not suppose that this is weeping over our manifold transgressions and continual shortcomings, though there is much room for that, but it may be interpreted by such a passage as this, "He beheld the city and wept over it" (Luke 19:41). Tears stood in the eyes of the Son of God as He looked on the city. And, later, Paul reminded the elders of Ephesus that by the space of three years he "ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears" (Acts 20:31). It is not surprising after that to read that "they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck and kissed him" (v. 37). Be sure that a weeping ministry will make a weeping people, and that if you weep over sinners they will by and by be weeping over you.

FLASHES from the LIGHTHOUSE

Four Sowings—Only One Crop

"Behold a sower went forth to sow. . . He that received seed into the good ground is he that heareth the word, and understandeth it, which also beareth fruit and bringeth forth."—Matt 13: 3 and 23.

CHRIST'S parable of the sower, as recorded in the thirteenth Chapter of Matthew, is both history and prophecy. It tells Christ's own experience, and it foretells His servants'. He is the great Sower, who has "gone forth" from the Father. His present errand is not to burn up thorns or to punish the husbandmen, but to scatter on all hearts the living seed, which is here interpreted, in accordance with the dominant idea of this Gospel, as being "the word of the kingdom" (v. 19). All who follow Him and make His truth known are sowers in their turn, and have to look for the same issue of their work. We have here four sowings and one ripening—a sad proportion! We are not told that the quantity of seed was in each case the same. Rather we may suppose that much less fell on the wayside, and on the rocky soil, and among the thorns than on the good ground. So we cannot say that seventy-five per cent of it was wasted; but, in any case, the proportion of failure is tragically large. This sower was under no obligation as to the results of his work.

It is folly to sow on the hard footpath, or the rocky ground, or among thorns, but Christ and His servants have to do that, in endless hope that these unresponsive hearts may become good soil. One lesson of the parable is, Scatter the seed everywhere, on the most unlikely places.

Our Lord begins with the case in which the seed remains quite outside the soil, or, without metaphor, in which the word finds absolutely no entrance into the heart or mind. A beaten path runs by the end or perhaps through the middle of the cornfield. It is of exactly the same soil as the rest, but many passengers have trodden it hard, and the very foot of the sower, as he comes and goes in his work, has helped. Some of the seed, sown broadcast of course, falls here, and lies where it falls, having no power to penetrate the hard surface.

A flock of bold, hungry birds watch the sower and as soon as his back is turned, they are down with a swift-winged swoop, and away goes the exposed grain. So there is an end of it; and the path is as bare as ever, five minutes after it has been strewn with seeds.

God is Not Mocked

For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

Notice what becomes of the seed that lies thus bare. "Immediately," says Mark, "Satan cometh." His agents are these light-winged thoughts that flutter round the hearer as soon as the lesson is over.

QUICK-SPROUTING AND SOON-DYING

The next variety of soil differs from the preceding in having its hindrance deep seated. Many a lillside in Galilee would show a thin surface of soil over rock, like skin stretched tightly on a bone. No roots could get through that, nor find nourishment in it; while the very shallowness of earth and the heat of the underlying stone would accelerate growth. Such premature and feeble shoots perish as quickly as they spring up; the fierce Eastern sun makes a speedy end of them, and a few days sees their springing and withering. It is a case of "lightly come, lightly go." Quick-sprouting are soon-dying things.

TANGLE OF THORNS

In one part of the field was a patch where the soil was neither rammed solid, as on the foot-path, nor thin, as where the rock cropped out, but where there had been a tangle of thorns, which grow luxuriantly in Palestine. The harder growth, which had the advantage of previous possession, and which pushes up its shoots above ground all round the more tender plant, gets the start of it, and smothers its green blades, overtopping it, and keeping it from sun and air, as well as drawing to itself the nourishment from the soil. The main point here is the two simultaneous growths. The man is, as James calls him, a "double-minded man." He is trying to grow both corn and thorns on the same soil. He has some religion, but not enough to make thorough work of it. He is endeavoring to ride on two horses at once. He is a stunted, useless Christian, with all the sap and nourishment of his soul given to his worldly position, and his religious a poor pining thing, with blanched leaves and abortive fruit. How much of Christ's field is filled with plants of that sort!

FRUITFULNESS THE TEST

The man who receives the word is identified with the plant which springs from the seed which he receives. The life of a Christian is the result of the growth in him of a supernatural seed. He bears fruit, yet the fruit comes not from him, but from the seed sown. "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Fruitfulness is the aim of the sower, and the test of the reception of the seed. If there is not fruit, manifestly there has been no real understanding of the word.

SURE, AH! SURE, WILL THE HARVEST BE!

BEAUTIFIED BLOTS

By Dr. Roach Straton.

THERE is a story of a young woman—a relative of Ruskin—who had been given by a friend of hers a most beautiful silk handkerchief. By accident she overturned the ink pot on it, as it lay on the table, and soiled a good part of it. She wept until her heart literally ached when she thought of the gift, ruined by her own carelessness; and how she reproached herself! About that time Ruskin came in and saw her distress, as she held up the spoiled handkerchief. But he smilingly took it from her. Artist that he was, as well as poet, he went to his study and set to work upon that blot, drawing figures upon it; and then with delicate brushes he painted a beautiful picture, and returned to handkerchief to her. "Oh," she said, "that is not my handkerchief." "Yes, it is yours." "Mine?" "Yes, I simply took the ugly blot and transformed it into a picture."

How often God has done that, if we could only see it. He has taken our blotched life, when we have been sorely disappointed, and we thought we would have to go marred and mutilated through all our days, and He has handed it back with that mutilated background transformed into a picture. That is the beauty of being a Christian. That is what the blessing of Christ is, if we only realize it.

THE MINISTRY OF INTERRUPTION

By George Clarke Peck

SOMETIMES, an interrupting voice is a sheer impertinence; sometimes, it is the highest call of God. Today you may take a man's rank by his ability to fight off all intrusion against his privacy; tomorrow you may measure him by his patience under such discipline. Not all our hot resentments against in-breaking presences are born of God. One can easily imagine Peter's protest on the housetop of Joppa when three men knocked at the door below. To go down from such transforming experience and open a door seemed almost menial. Yet the way of life led from the housetop to the door. Unless Peter had accepted the interruption as a real ministry from Heaven, he might have missed his first practical demonstration of the value of the housetop visions. In the use of our great moments, as in the administration of our dollars or any other assets, we are stewards only. And we declare our stewardship by the way we treat such things as interruptions.

FACTS ABOUT THE DEVIL

DEVIL men do not need the Devil to tempt them—they tempt themselves.

Many a man will slam the door in the Devil's face and open a window to let him in.

The Devil tries to write the Lord's name on every barrel of whiskey he ships to the heathen.

The Devil has to pry the busy man's door open, but that of the idler is a standing invitation to him.

Satan would like to have you content with merely being a Soldier of Jesus, because he knows it is your privilege to become a saint.

OUR WEEKLY SERMONETTE

The Demand for Laborers

By Lieut.-Colonel Morris, Chief Secretary



"THE FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT"

AFRICAN CHIEF'S THIRST FOR BLOOD

A GENTLEMAN traveling through a wild part of Africa came across a tribe of natives whose chief had ordered the execution of a poor slave lately taken in war. The traveler who was a lover of God, begged the chief to have mercy, offering him many valuable articles in return for the poor wretch's life. But the savage chief was not to be entreated. He said that he had all the gold, and silver, and ivory that he wanted; and when his supplies were exhausted, all he had to do was to call his warriors, make a raid on another tribe, and carry off anything he fancied.

The Frightened Chief

"I do not need your spoil, O white face," he finished. "I seek not gold, but blood," and with that he ordered his man to shoot. The traveler threw up his arms in front of the slave, and received the arrow in his stead. The chief and his followers were very much frightened. They knew that to shoot an Englishman was a serious matter, and they trembled with fear. The gentleman drew the arrow from his arm, and held it out to the chief, saying:

"You say you do not require gold and silver, but blood only? See, it flows for thee—I give my blood for this poor slave. I claim his life!"

"Be it so," said the chief; "he is thine," and, glad to get off so easily, he hastily departed with his followers.

The Grateful Slave

The slave threw himself at the feet of his redeemer, and covered him with kisses. He refused all offers of freedom; and as long as he lived it was his joy to serve his new master.

This little incident is a picture of the love that Christ has for us, when, though we were strangers and even enemies to Him, He gladly laid down His life that we might be happy and blessed both here and hereafter.

We do not wonder that the poor slave loved his preserver. We should think it very strange if he did not. But what of ourselves? The feeling of the poor slave towards the Englishman should be just our feeling towards God.

The First Fruit

"The fruit of the Spirit is"—first of all—"love," the greatest and most wonderful thing in the world. We know a good deal about God's love to us; but what about our love to God? Is this first and most important fruit of the Spirit, manifested daily in our lives? Do we really and truly love God? I mean, love Him in deed and action, as well as in word; for it is often a great deal easier to talk than to act. But Christ says His servants are not those who "say," but those who "do."

(From "The Fruits of the Spirit," by Brigadier Eileen Douglas.)

SMILE

"What is a budget?" Well—it is a method of worrying before you spend instead of afterward.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few." Matt. 9:37.

A PLENTEOUS harvest is reported throughout Canada West generally, and, we are told, there are too few laborers. With the fact of an abundant harvest before us, our first thought is to express our heartfelt thanks to God. Many other parts of the earth are not so favored.

Our text has many lessons for us. Hidden in its depths is an earnest entreaty to be up and doing and to gather in without delay the harvest of souls. It states there is a dearth of laborers and sounds a call for help. So, once again is manifested the compassion and tender loving pity of our Saviour. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." Infinite love is the keynote of the Gospel, therefore one of the chief qualifications of a soul winner is a sympathetic and loving heart. Matter of fact sort of religion is not much good.



The Harvest is plenteous! Great is the multitude of people that may be won for Christ. Go where you will, you can put in the sickle and cut the ripened grain. A present harvest! Increasingly urgent are the demands made upon Christian men and women everywhere to gather it in to the garner. The whole world is open for Christian work, and The Salvation Army, thank God, is to the forefront with its laborers endeavoring to reap in seventy-four different countries. But alas, its laborers are far too few. At the necessity of workers in its true harvest, our Saviour spoke these words to His disciples.

Look at the Harvest! See how overwhelmingly great it is. Then look at the few in number of those who really labor together in it. Is not the situation desperate? Is the harvest to remain thus until the summer is ended and it is too late to reap?

WORKERS—NOT SHIRKERS!

Brother! Sister! Should you be a Candidate for Officership and fit yourself to take your own individual share at the ingathering? Every Christian must be a laborer. Too many of them fill the position of retired farmers, so to speak; too many looking on; too many spiritual feeders, and no work to do! They like a good sermon, good meetings, to sing the Songs of Zion—but the laborers are few!

There is plenty of work to be done, but the very great majority are not willing to do it. A great crowd of so-called Christians "sit on the fence" watching other people labor. They are always interested to watch others toil. These Christians are out of a job. They say to us, "You are doing a grand and glorious work, gathering in those who are the most needy, etc." They give advice; often they give money and words of encouragement. Both of these help and cheer us, but every Christian is expected by the Husbandman to be first a laborer in God's great Harvest-field.

Today, as never before, practically the whole world is open to Christian work. Then in our own fair land look at the godless, careless multitude around us. While laborers may be too few, and it has ever been thus, Christians can be made strong for the work. God made the Apostles many, not by adding to their number, but by "giving them power." Qualifications to be a successful laborer come from God. Communion with the Father, study of the Word, prayer, and a knowledge of the principles and methods of Christian work, all help one to qualify as a laborer.

DUTY DEMANDS YOUR SERVICE

Will you, Christian reader, allow the few to struggle on alone? They struggle against great odds, physical infirmities and advancing age, while you sit by! Awake to a consciousness of your duty to God and to a sinning world. Awake, Salvation Army Soldier! Do your duty to your God, your General and The Army! Men are wanted, and women too, "of faith and hope and prayer." We need help! Laborers! Will you give the most practical expression of your love for God by dedicating your life to labor for Him? Is He not worthy? View Him on Calvary! "I suffer this for thee, what hast thou done for Me?" Does He not merit a labor of love?

But you make excuses and hesitate to take your place as a gatherer of the sheaves. Perhaps you say, "I tremble!" Never mind, you may do more through your trembling than if you were ever so brave. If you are sincere, even though you stammer, they will say it was in your heart—it was natural.

(Continued on page 11)



THE GIFT OF TONGUES

WHOA! That you Conway? I Thought I recognized you from the quarter-deck. Howdy? Haven't seen you for three years. Suppose things are all well down at the old Corps?

What? You don't go there any more? Well, I am sorry to hear that. What's the trouble? Here, let's step over to park bench and chat it out for a minute.

Hi—so you think you're on the trail for more light, eh? Fine! Doing any extra work for the Master since the new light came? You know, old boy, it is quite incongruous for a man to testify to additional light while there is a distinct falling off in his service.

Do I speak in tongues? Well, I should say! You should have heard me cuss like a Trooper some years back. And He—well, old Diogenes had no love for me. But now I use my tongue in a different way and you can find me every Saturday night at 8 p.m. at the corner of — Street telling the passers-by about the Saviour's love. Yes, since, I certainly speak in a new tongue.

The Inferior Gift

But look here Conway, let me talk to you straight. I think I sense your trouble. You are seeking the gift of tongues. You have a desire for spiritual rhapsody. Now turn to I Cor. 12:10, 28 and you will see that the last named in a list of gifts is that of speaking in tongues. Then in verse thirty-one it is inferred that this experience was not to be sought because it was considered an inferior gift, and the command of the Apostle was, "Covet earnestly the best gifts."

Then again, nowhere in Holy Writ are we told to seek the gift of tongues, because in it there is only self-edification. Paul said, "He that speaketh in an unknown tongue edifieth himself."

Are You a Barbarian?

Furthermore, the only legitimate use of the mystic tongue is at times when one is present who can interpret and explain the phenomenon to others in the assembly. For unless "tongue" utterances are expounded they are like a pipe or harp giving forth sounds but no notes; like a trumpet blast that means nothing; like words in an unknown tongue which carry no ideas. In fact, Paul goes so far as to say that one who revels in such a practice when no interpretation is made is a "barbarian." See I Cor. 14:6-11.

It is also interesting to note the Apostle's teaching in verse nineteen of the same chapter. "In the church I had rather speak five words with my understanding, . . . than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue." You must admit this is an emphatic ratio! However, his meaning is plain. He preferred to control his ecstatic feelings in public and not let his emotions run away with his mind. He did so for the benefit of those present in the meetings who were unlearned in revelation. Though he was grateful for such rhapsodical moments, he experienced them when alone with God, not giving way to them in public assembly where five words of instruction would be worth more than ten thousand words without meaning.

You must go, I'm sorry. But we will continue when we meet again. I say, Conway, remember that "God is not the author of confusion, but of peace," therefore, "let all things be done decent and in order."

GRACE HOSPITAL, WINNIPEG

Grace Hospital provides medical treatment for friendless girls and women, regardless of nationality or religion and makes provision for mothers among the deserving poor.

\$3,681.58
Was the splendid total realized by 'The Taggers' on Saturday, September 9th.

Grace Hospital receives paying patients who prefer the treatment and convenience the Hospital insures to the best arrangements that can be made at home at such times.

GRACE HOSPITAL deserves all the prominence it enjoyed in the City of Winnipeg on Saturday, September 9th. It was literally the talk of the town, and its colors—which are those of the Organization of which it is a proud and noble ornament—fairly changed the complexion of things. The day opened cold, but there was lots of rejoicing over the fact that it was not raining and that, as far as any atmospherical indication can be relied upon in these days of radio disturbance, the boding was for dry. Later the sun shone forth with brilliant promise, but the nip in the air remained. This, it must be admitted, added a touch of hustle to conditions and certainly kept Taggers and Be-tagged on the q. v., but in some respects ideal conditions did not obtain.

Effort Widely Advertised

Generally speaking, the people were well prepared for the onslaught of the army of taggers, for the happening had been well broadcasted. Arranging placards told the story from the street cars; autos by the score showed the red circle; paid advertisements and gratuitous notices peeped from the newspapers; Ensign Jacks—of the radio voice—delivered an impressive appeal from the Free Press and Tribune Broadcasting Stations and, in each case, was followed by Mrs. Major Taylor who sang the song here published which was specially composed for the occasion by Sister Ethel Allen of Winnipeg Citadel:

Tune: Aloha Oe

There's a restful haven for all
Who need love's tender care;
For sad and sorrowing womanhood—
All find a refuge there.

Chorus

Grace Hospital—Grace Hospital
The Home of service e'er
And in this matchless work you're
asked
Once more with us to share.

Her gracious doors are opened wide
To women of every creed;
The key unlocking love's great tide
Is just the words "In need."

The little ones whom grief have known
Are sheltered 'neath its wing;
They're succored in that peaceful

From sorrow, care and sin.

Tomorrow is the Grace Tag Day
When we to you appeal
To help us save our womanhood
The Nation's greatest weal.

A few hours before the Tag Day proper the Citadel Band processioned the main thoroughfare and, through their music, focussed attention upon a picturesque group ahead and a delightfully arranged float which brought up the rear of the train. The whole setting rivetted the attention of all as sundry upon the big day soon to dawn.

The Famous Internationals—organized with fine skill by Ensign Bert Greenaway—came in for a big showing. They certainly fitted their parts in classic style. We wonder, for instance, whether it would be possible to find a

more accurate resemblance to John Bull of pictured fame than the showing made by Ensign Jacks of St. James Citadel. Decked out with white knee breeches, scarlet coat, box topper and side whiskers, aided by a girth measure which did not require any supplement and a genial face which held a pair of sparkling eyes, he did credit to Old England, even if, as he puts it, the lassies garbed in Salvation blue won more financial help for the object in view.

Yank, Redskin, Cowboy and Highlander

Equally splendid was the representative of the folks across the border. Captain Newman, clad in silken raiment gorgeously be-starred and be-striped, was a veritable splash of color and made a dandy Uncle Sam. He carried lots of compelling suavity with him, too, and fairly pulled quarters out of the keeping of those who took stock of him. The "Redskins" put up an attractive showing. Heavily feathered and headed, highly colored and smocked according to custom, Captain Chapman and Candidate Percy Harbord made an excellent pair of "natives"; while Captain Tanner—as a cowboy—strongly fancied himself in his studded chaps, heliotrope shirt, broncho tile and leathern girdle. Scotland was finely represented by Training Garrison Sergeant Sutherland. He certainly wore the clothes and carried the brogue. The first were borrowed and the latter was handed down. Even Captain Stevenson, now of Lloydminster, would have handed him a favor on his make-up, but we sure would like to have seen Stevenson around with his pipes, even if we



Facsimile of Attractive Button Used on Tag Day

drew the line at hearing them. "Ireland" put in a good spell with the company of advertisers on Friday evening, but arrived late on the scene on Saturday. Perhaps he forgot his shillalah, and, tell it not, he wasn't so fond of the green in the daytime as he appeared to be overnight. A couple of minions of the law also figured in this spectacular array. They provided a lively touch of humor. Only one of them looked anything like an official, and the other chap—well, with his colleague he provided lots of people with a lot of mirth, but he raked in the shekels withal.

The finishing touch to this all-star party was added by Canada. "Quite right" you say. Yes, quite right! Ensign L. Cox, of Winnipeg III, made a sparkling representative. Clad in shimmering material, with a coronet of entwined maple leaves, a bodice of silver mail, and twin flags merged into a resplendent sash, she looked a typical "Miss Canada." The costumes were loaned at a reduced rate by Mallabar, Costumers.

Without detracting from the value of the foregoing one iota, it must be said that the Grace Hospital Float was the gem in the day's diadem of appeal and service. To say that it was a dainty presentation is to fall short in descriptive. It was that without doubt for it demonstrated rare artistry on the part of its decorator, Mrs. Brigadier Payne, the highly esteemed matron of Grace. Its value, however, lay in what it suggested rather than in its purely material attraction. In it, for instance, was a boy of nurses worthy of the salute of every man—and every woman for that matter—in the West. They were splendidly typical of the fine company of women who have dedicated their lives to the noble task of ministering to helpless little ones. We lift our hats to all of them, judging each to be as great in her own sphere as that classic heroine of noble sisterhood—Florence Nightingale—was in hers. Some of the sweet babes of Grace were snugly ensconced in the choicest of choice

cots. They seemed to enjoy the event to the full, and prattled and cooed and waved their hands to passers-by in great style. It was their day in more senses than one.

We thought we had dealt with the principal artists of the day and of the evening before. We must not, however, forget Captain Jim Harrington and three other musical comrades who, in the afternoon, when matters needed something in the nature of an infusion of ginger, boarded the Float and by a merry display of sounds made folks on Portage and its environs realize that it was up to them to get the hall mark of duty done in the shape of a tag.

God Bless the Taggers
Then what of the gallant company of Taggers? Here again we hit up against inadequacy in our command of descriptive language. They looked as keen and active as any brigade of workers extant in the city. Practically every Field and Staff Officer in the district was on duty. Then, too, every Corps of the Division, including Selkir, was represented by a delegation of Soldiers, and in gratifying addition there were a number of lady friends who vied with their sisters of the Yellow Red and Blue in the quality of their earnestness as well as in their procurement of heavy boxes. The value of the splendid service rendered by these Taggers cannot be transmuted into silver and gold; it was of far richer worth. They engaged in working for others—the greatest ideal to which humanity can devote itself—and by this very act they laid up treasure in Heaven as well as secured that indefinable exhilaration which is the reward of those who serve. At intervals they made their way to the Manitoba Hall from which centre the event was directed. They came in cold, but never cheerless! They were just about as keen as taggers ever were, and each bore testimony to the magnificent generosity of Winnipeggers. Few people there were who refused to place a nickel or a dime or a quarter in the boxes—for the needy little ones of "The Grace."

When it Rained!
From seven in the morning until well after sundown some of the taggers worked, and if their number had been more or less than the average collections would not have been much different. Many there were in the city who would gladly have worn a tag but somehow or other failed to hit the trails beaten by the taggers. All honor to those who rendered such sterling service to one of Western Canada's most noble charities and next year may their numbers expand to the requisite figure so that every person in the capital city of the West may have the sacred opportunity of contributing their gift to a cause which commands itself to every sage and loyal citizen, to every lover of this great West and its men and women of tomorrow.

Brigadier Whately, the Financial Secretary, and his assistants of the Finance and Scrip Department—Staff-Captain H. Habikirk, Adjutants Oake and Dray and Ensign Greenaway, put in a busy day behind the scenes and did it all smilingly.

When the sun hid itself from view, and the last of the valiant Taggers had passed in her box, it rained.

VICTORY WINNING IN THE GOLDEN WEST

NEW WESTMINSTER

Capt. Irwin and Lieut. Billeit
Recent meetings were conducted by Ensign and Mrs. Hubbard from Ingersoll. Their messages were an inspiration to all who heard them. The annual Y. P. Rally was held, despite inclement weather. Last Tuesday our Band, directed by Bandmaster Ed. Robinson, journeyed to Vancouver V. and, uniting with other City Bands, rendered a most delightful program.—Mac.

TRAIL

Capt. Lucas and Lieut. Baker
We recently had a visit from Ensign Pott of Vancouver. God was with us in Open-Air and inside meetings. We trust it will not be long before the Ensign passes this way again.

On Saturday we had a surprise visitor in the person of Envoy Brown of Vancouver, who was on his way to Grande Falls. The Envoy was with us five weeks ago, when God made him a blessing to all who heard him. Again, during this last visit, we felt much of God's presence. On a recent Saturday night, after closing the meeting, a backslider found his way to the Mercy Seat.

SOUTH VANCOUVER

Lieut. Herman

Since the arrival of our new Officers we have been enjoying good times. Our recent Sale of Work, which was opened by Mrs. Brigadier Coombs, proved a great success. Much of this work was done by the Band-of-Love, under the leadership of our newly commissioned T.P.S.M., Mrs. Mitchell, with Corps Cadet Mary Slawick and Candidate Sear as co-workers. About 200 people gathered at night for the Musical Festival, rendered by Vancouver Y. P. Band, assisted by New Westminster and local Comrades. Brigadier Coombs proved an excellent Chairman for the occasion.—G. H. Evans.

RED DEER

Captain Dorin and Lieut. Boyes

On Sunday night the infant daughter of Brother and Sister Mosely was dedicated to God and The Army. This service, together with the testimony of a released prisoner, made the meeting a most impressive one. A man who had lived a life of crime in the slums of New York and had never darkened the door of a Church before, told of how an Officer had visited him in prison and urged that he should change his mode of living. This prisoner determined to do so in this meeting he volunteered to the Mercy Seat and after a short period of seeking arose a "New Creature in Christ."

KENORA

Captain and Mrs. Walker

Our weekend meetings, conducted by Mrs. Staff-Captain Hume, were very helpful and full of interest. We also had a welcome visitor in the person of Lieut. Brett, who worked very hard throughout the day's campaign. Our pretty town was crowded with visitors on Saturday evening, when the prisoner opponent in the Open-Air Meeting. The people who gathered were most attentive, and we believe much good was done.

An impressive service was held in the jail on Sunday morning, when Mrs. Habkirik spoke with effect. The Lieutenant related an incident he experienced when serving at the Front. His illustration was very apt and touched the hearts of all present. God came very near in all Meetings, and we closed at night with four young people kneeling at the Mercy Seat.—E. Pearson, Envoy.

Tour of Brandon Band

A considerable train difficulty one portion of the Band proceeded to Austin, thence to Gladstone, on Saturday night. Booked to arrive at 6 p.m., they actually arrived at 11 p.m. However, nothing daunted, the Band played a number of items to which a large crowd gathered to listen despite the late hour.

On the following morning the remaining members of the Band commenced their tour, some arriving at 8:15 and others at 10:15 a.m. Outside the Hospital a short Open-Air service was held, from where the Band marched to the Presbyterian Church, which was literally jammed with people.

After luncheon an Open-Air musical Service was given in the Park and the citizens proved their generosity and appreciation by contributing \$95.00 in the collection.

The party then motored to Neepawa

where a short Open-Air was first held, followed by a Meeting in the Opera House. At the close of the indoor Meeting it was necessary to hold another Open-Air for the benefit of those who could not get in the Theatre. While here a bit of musical cheer was dispensed at the Hospital also, and was really appreciated by both patients and Staff.

Leaving Neepawa, Minnesota was the next stop, where the townspeople gathered in record numbers to listen to the program rendered. From there the entourage proceeded to Rapid City, and then on to Hamiota, where the Band arrived at 6:30 p.m. in time to enjoy a dainty repast that had been thoughtfully prepared for the visitors.

Staff-Captain Allen and Adjutant Hardy were the conducting Officers and they performed their duties well, proving the means in God's hands of blessing many people by their Gospel addresses.



GROUP OF WINNIPEG CORPS CADETS AT OUTING

THE first annual outing of the Corps Cadets of the Winnipeg Division was held on a recent Saturday at the beautiful Kildonan Park. Major and Mrs. White, who have the interests of these young people very much at heart, happily invited Brigadier Sims, the Territorial Y. P. Secretary, and Staff-Captain and Mrs. Habkirik to assist in making the day a memorable one. A daintily prepared supper was supplied by the Division, and, under the majestic forestry of this natural park, the jolly band of juveniles made thorough work of this item on the program.

ST. JAMES

Ensign and Mrs. Jacks

Welcome Home

We are pleased to report that Bandmaster Dancy has returned from his holidays in much better health, as have several other Comrades who have been absent during the Summer months.

Dedication

On Sunday evening Brigadier Payne, from the Grace Hospital, was present, and dedicated the infant daughter, Grace, of Ensign and Mrs. Jacks. The Brigadier spoke in an interesting manner about the splendid work carried on at "The Grace", for which she is responsible. The Songsters appropriately sang "Mothers of Salem" while Mrs. Jacks came to the platform with the child, and later the congregation united in singing that sweet child-song "Gentle Jesus Meek and Mild."

Home League

The Rally Meeting of the Home League is planned for next Wednesday, when plans will be formulated for an intensive Winter campaign.

The Young People

Final arrangements have been made for the Rally Day Effort. The Band

COMING EVENTS

LIEUT.-COLONEL TAYLOR

Field Secretary
Portage la Prairie Sat. and Sun.
September 23 and 24.

BRIGADIER G. E. SIMS

Young People's Secretary
Melville Sept. 21
Regina Sept. 23 and 24
Brigadier Sims will interview Candidates.

Staff-Captain Foster

(Revivalist)
Fernie Sept. 23rd to Oct. 2nd
Cranbrook Oct. 3rd to 9th
Nelson Oct. 10th to 16th
Trail Oct. 17th to 23rd
Rossland Oct. 24th to 30th

Adjutant Denne

(Revivalist)
Kamloops Sept. 26th to Oct. 2nd
Vernon Oct. 3rd to 9th
Kelowna Oct. 10th to 16th
Penticton Oct. 17th to 23rd

WINNIPEG VIII

Ensign and Mrs. Waterworth
The meetings last Sunday were conducted by the Band, Bandmaster Deacon being in charge. There was every evidence that plans had been carefully made for the day's campaign, and also that those plans were sanctioned by the Lord, for at the close of the night meeting no less than ten surrendered to God. One Comrade sought the blessing of a Clean Heart on the Thursday previous.—C. O.

FORT ROUGE

Captain and Mrs. Chapman
Last Sunday night our Meeting was lead by The Field Secretary. Our usual Sunday night congregation was nearly doubled and a soul-refreshing time enjoyed by all. We feel confident that seed so well and surely sown will yet yield an abundant harvest. An interesting feature of the meeting was the dedication of the little son of Brother and Sister Schollar.

BRANDON

Adj. and Mrs. Beattie
On Tuesday evening we were favored with a visit from Lieut.-Col. McLean. The Meeting was greatly blessed of God and the Cadets' lively enthusiasm spread like contagion. As he told of the time when he gave his life for Officership and of his feelings at the hour of his acceptance, a number of the young people present, who had the same goal in view for the same purpose, felt a throb of kinship and fellow-feeling in their hearts.—A. E. May.

BANFF

Capt. Clapham and Lieut. Tindale
Band was recently favored with a visit from the Cadets of Banff. They arrived in town by autos on Saturday evening, when a hot supper awaited them. Two Open-Airs were held, and great crowds of people flocked to hear the music. Sunday morn found the Officers and Bandmaster ready for the day's battle. We commenced with an Open-Air Meeting, followed by a Holiness Meeting at the Lux Theatre. Captain Payne, of Calgary Children's Home, addressed the people gathered there. Envoy Hawley, who was present all day, favored us with a solo entitled "For it's not always dark in the valley," which song he composed himself some time ago, when visiting Banff. The battle was continued in the afternoon with three Open-Airs, including special music at the Hospital, which was appreciated by the patients.

At night a large number gathered in the Theatre, where a Salvation Meeting was held. Capt. Nelson taking for his text "We have found Jesus." At the close of the service the Band wended its way to the C.P.R. Hotel, and played several selections to the guests. Monday, by special request of the Magistrate, the Band healed the children of Banff. Many of these pioneering Officers and give them souls for their labors.

will lead the procession of Juniors to an appropriate Open-Air stand, from where they will march to the Hall and a special meeting will be held to commence the Fall campaign. Lieut.-Col. Taylor has been booked to conduct the night service and present the claims of the Y. P. Work.

KAMSACK

Capt. Hardy and Lieut. Toepfer

We have recently been privileged to have with us to conduct a two weeks' campaign Bandmaster Hardy, the father of our Captain. During the series of meetings, the Bandmaster, together with a number of Officers and Comrades, conducted an Open-Air Meeting at Canora, where, when the invitation was given, two little girls responded and bravely knelt in the street, thus asking God's forgiveness for their sins. The following Saturday and Sunday night five more young folks sought the Saviour.

On a recent Thursday night Ensign Shaw and Captain Smith conducted a Holiness Meeting, at the close of which one brother was sanctified. Then on the following Saturday night five more seekers came to the Mercy Seat and obtained The Blessing. On Sunday morning two seekers were registered, while the night meeting closed with one young girl seeking pardon. Thus children's lives have been crowning our efforts all along the way.—C. C.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada West and Alaska.

Founder: William Booth
General: Bramwell Booth

International Headquarters,
London, England.

Terrestrial Commander,
Commissioner Henry C. Hodder,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor.

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OFFICIAL GAZETTE

Appointments:

Ensign George Mundy of the Training Garrison, appointed to Prince Albert, (pro tem).

Captain Rosa Taylor appointed to Kildonan Industrial Home.

Captain Elsie Howden appointed to Calgary Rescue Home.

Captain Nellie Dabbs, of Calgary Rescue Home, appointed to Vermilion.

Captain John Moll, of Vegreville, appointed to the "Subscribers' Department, Northern Alberta Division.

Pro-Lieut. Planche Marshall appointed to Fernie, B. C.

Pro-Lieut. McKinnell appointed to Calgary Rescue Home.

HENRY C. HODDER,
Commissioner.

Observations

TOPICAL :: SPIRITUAL :: EDITORIAL



A CORONATION

ON Saturday, September 9th, a cable was received from the International Secretary at London informing of the death of Commissioner John Lawley, and stating that The General would conduct the funeral on September 14th. In response to this sad message the following word of condolence was immediately cabled:

"Express to Mrs. Commissioner Lawley our deep sympathy and give assurance of our love and prayers on her behalf. Distressed beyond expression, but God comforts and sustains. No words suffice to express our sympathy. Praying for you unceasingly. (Signed) The Chief Secretary.

In our next issue we will be pleased to give our readers a very fine sketch of Commissioner Lawley's life, written by the facile pen of Commissioner Mildred Duff. There will also appear a number of photographs of the crowned warrior, together with stories connected with the composition of a number of his well-known songs.

THE VITAL LINE

IT'S a small thing, easily done, but it makes a mountain of difference. Study this sketch:



Note how the reversing of a single line makes all the difference between a wedding and a funeral. It is the Vital Line that can turn a Joy-killer into a Gloom-chaser.

Now in all advertising there is this "Vital Line" without which publicity effort is dead. The writer has noticed an increasing number of Corps who use Bulletin Boards to good purpose. In many instances, however, they are not more than 25 per cent efficient because the Officer has not studied the art of Publicity Pen.

Last Saturday this penman picked up a copy of the daily paper and discovered on the Church Page a rather smart "ad" announcing meetings for the Winnipeg III Corps. Below is a facsimile of what attracted the eye immediately:

BEING BORN AGAIN
does not mean a new head to
KNOW
religion, or a new tongue to
TALK IT
but a new heart to
LIVE IT

Then followed an announcement of the meetings. This message possessed the primary qualification of an effective bulletin, that is, though short and snappy it contained a powerful sermon.

We congratulate the advertising manager of the Winnipeg III Combination and might suggest that other Corps would do well to emulate this Officer's originality.

Every Corps should have a bulletin board of some description. It should be hung in a conspicuous place and adorned with snappy epigrams or short Scripture texts every other day, remembering that its chief mission is to the outsider. And you will admit that the message has got to be especially arresting and very short if Mr. Outsider is going to read it. The matter posted should be so attractive and compelling as to "clinch" with the reader who runs—and most outsiders run these days—when they pass Religious Properties.

Through the Gate

Commissioner John Lawley
Answers the Roll Call

A GREAT man has passed out from our midst. His name is John Lawley — is household throughout The Army World. Excepting The Founder, no Salvationist enjoyed greater world-wide popularity. As a prayer-meeting pilot he was without compare; he was the essence of geniality, powerful in prayer, passionate in utterance, and by virtue of the intensity of his spirit as much as by the charm and unquestioned attraction of his personality he was just the man to figure in mighty gatherings of people; just the man for the position he was called upon to fill in the ranks of The Salvation Army.

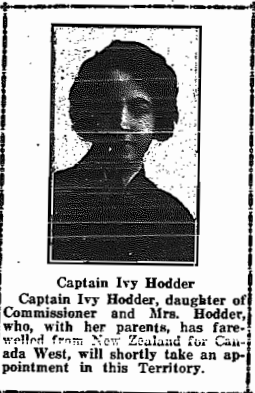
The fact that he attained to The Army's highest rank affected him not one whit; unless it was to quicken his sense of responsibility. He preserved a marked lowliness of spirit, and although he had a seat in the circle of our great chiefs, he remained with and for the common people. His smile was a benediction, the very grip of his hand communicated good cheer, his "God bless you" was the administering of a sacrament, and his life was, in the most accurate interpretation of the term, a signpost pointing to all that is best.

With that quality of spirit which veritably set him upon a pedestal in our midst, he faced the rigors of a lingering illness. From the heat of battle he went into the seclusion of the rest camp. Not for him the quick translation for which he hoped when the time for the winding up of his earthly journey arrived, but a long exiling wait on the very threshold of the Beyond. As the weeks grew into months the mortal coil of John Lawley diminished amazingly, but his spirit expanded into the fulness of preparation for its entrance into the bosom of God. Memories of glorious victories won on many shores with his beloved Leaders—our present General as well as our former—Four—Four—Four—the darkness for him, and banished the shadows of death, and he faced the end firm in the conviction that he would not be called upon to cross the Valley alone.

John Lawley has arrived at the Last where death is no more pain. That is the finding of those whom he has left behind. We watched his life, we watched his sowing. Here below he reaped a rich return; Beyond the Blue his soul is today delighting in the fulness of a harvest exceeding the conception of the finite mind.

VALUE OF LITTLE THINGS

CHRIST never despised little things. The poor widow's coppers were estimated by Him as worth more than many large offerings of rich men. "She hath cast in more than they all." Her two mites were not worth much to Caesar or to Calaphas, but Christ had need of them. The emperor could afford to reward the man that added a new province to the Empire. The King of kings does not fail to reward him who gives a cup of cold water. Moreover, He made conquests with His "little ones" that Caesar could not make with his legions. What He did He does. The lowly Salvation Hall built by the pence of the poor may witness a greater work than a temple that is the pride and boast of a city. The shepherd boy with only a sling was more than a match for the enemy who had terrified all Israel. He trusted Himself in God's hands, and God used Him.



Captain Ivy Hodder

Captain Ivy Hodder, daughter of Commissioner and Mrs. Hodder, who, with her parents, has faredwell from New Zealand for Canada West, will shortly take an appointment in this Territory.

LORD OF THE HARVEST—WE THANK THEE

CANADIANS, thank God!

Yea, let everything that hath breath praise the Lord!

For His goodness; His wonderful works; His turning of barren wastes into fruitful lands and of parched ground into water-springs; and for His enriching sunshine—and life-giving rainfalls, let us praise His Name.

This year grain crops and fruit yields have been excellent. So, let us at this season of the year show our gratitude to the Great Grain Grower by bringing offerings to His House for the furtherance of His work. The old Mosaic Law enjoined upon the Israelites the duty of giving tithes and offerings. This practice was carried over into the New Dispensation by our Lord and the early Church. We of The Army believe in the practice thoroughly. Tithes—tithes—tithes of money, yea, and of your time, and the fruits of the land, and of your talents, aye, bring your tithes into the storehouses this Harvest Festival Season.

There will be three Congress gatherings as follows:

Officers of Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and Western Ontario will assemble in Winnipeg from Wednesday, Nov. 8th to Sunday, Nov. 12th.

Officers of Alberta will assemble at Edmonton from Wednesday, Nov. 15th to Sunday, Nov. 19th.

Officers of British Columbia and Alaska will assemble at Vancouver from Wednesday, Nov. 22nd to Sunday, Nov. 26th.

May God add His rich blessing to these arrangements.

NOTTINGHAM CELEBRATES FOUNDER'S DAY

The Chief of The Staff conducts Inspiring Campaign

Over One Hundred Surrenders

FOUNDER'S DAY was a big day in Nottingham. Naturally, with its setting in a city of which lovers such as Shakespeare and whose very stones seem to speak to Salvationists, the occasion of the Chief of Staff's visit made one mightily to think. That The Founder built well, the thriving Corps at the Memorial Halls, of which Ensign Dora Booth is so appropriately in command, is but one of a thousand evidences.

The Chief, who was hailed with delight, turned a great opportunity to splendid account. It was a time of inspiring memories. Yet the Chief was not merely turning leaves of a great biography—he saw to it that much more should be accomplished.

Salvationists of the city have special cause to look back with gratitude on the morning gathering—a Meeting in which the Spirit of God moved mightily upon the hearts of men and women. In a stirring and most practical manner the Chief sought to lead his hearers into the way of Holiness. His urgent and confident utterance might have been an echo of the words from The Founder's own lips: "I come to you with the same grand truths he proclaimed in Nottingham, and, indeed, to the whole world," said the Chief.

A Gladdening Sight

Not less gratifying there was manifest the same willingness to walk in the light—the same hunger for spiritual fitness—as was seen a decade ago, for at the close of the Meeting the gladdening sight was witnessed of many men and women kneeling at the altar renewing their covenants, claiming the Divine power, or seeking cleansing, many with sob and tears that bore eloquent testimony to their sincerity.

In the afternoon there was a large crowd in the Lyric Theatre to hear the Chief's thrilling review of The Founder's life and work—a story which gripped the audience as might the recounting of an entrancing adventure.

It was most fitting that Ensign Dora Booth should be called upon in this meeting. Her brain—the scenes recollections of her revered grandfather delighted every one. "He was always talking about the needs of the people—Oh, how devotedly he loved the people!" she said. "His life made me feel that there was a fine line on earth as being a soul-winner."

It was in the afternoon Meeting particularly that one could gauge the pride with which Nottingham looks upon its noble-hearted and revered son. Mr. J. B. Marsden, J.P., who presided, supported by leading citizens, voiced his appreciation of the wonderful work of William Booth. He paid high tribute to his labors on behalf of the poorest and lowliest, and a spontaneous burst of acclamation greeted his remarks.

Well Laden Nets

At night the Nets were laden with a great haul. The Chief delivered a burning message, bringing the large congregation face to face with a day of reckoning and a Great White Throne. Hardly a movement was seen as he proceeded; consciences were awakened and powerful influences were manifestly at work. How The Founder would have revelled in the Prayer Battle! One could not help figuring him at the platform rail as was his wont, his head in his hands praying for souls!

From all parts of the two-galleried building seekers came in response to the invitation, and one hundred and one names were on the records for this memorable day when the doors were at last closed.

Thrust in Thy Sickle and Reap!

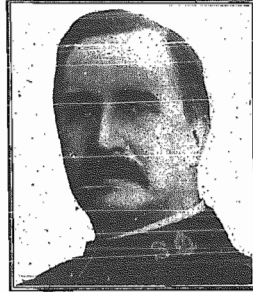
A Word of Rally to the Soldiers of Canada West

By COMMISSIONER HENRY HODDER

GREAT has been thy labor, abundant thy watchings, tender thy solicitude, anxious thy heart, and piteous thy tears and sighs, and often amid it all ominous have been thy fears that victory might be lost, or might be so long deferred as to break thy heart.

Now the Call of Christ thy Master for Whom thou hast labored comes ringing with loving and confident insistence—"Thrust in thy sickle and reap, for the time is come for thee to reap, for the harvest of the earth is ripe."

Now for a reaping. Are you ready? Now for a day of faith. Have you got it? How often thou hast wondered why the ground needed such



tending and careful nourishing—what tillage, what waterings, what breakings, warmth, and germinating energy! Has the work been done, well done, done in Christ's name, and for His glory? Has it been a patient, earnest and continuous labor, with the eye set on the great goal?

Surely it will not be expected by any earnest, God-inspired heart that all will be labor, and none will be fruit. Nay, verily the time of reaping is with thee; hast thou faith?

Who will dare to join those who are even now entering into a generous harvest? Who will add to the number of those who believe and faint not, and who dare to claim souls, Soldiers, and living sacrifices for Christ and The Army? Wanderers are returning to the fold; backsliders are being reclaimed; sinners who had never before been brought to penitence have been found at many of our penitential forms. Only recently, in one week-night meeting in New Zealand I had the joy of seeing eleven new cases—all adults. Scores of Corps have had wondrous experiences in this way. Thrust in, then, my comrades! Reap! Reap! The time is ripe, and great and rich will be your harvest if you believe and faint not.

Take God at His word! "He wilteeth not the death of any sinner." It is His will that all should come to the light. Try Him and prove Him now, and do not let up until you have had abounding evidence of the fulfillment of His gracious promises.

Do not distress your heart because your conditions are not great enough to justify a crowded result. Perhaps your bounteous victory will be six souls. But what a mighty difference to Christ's cause and The Army's battle.

Whatever you do, do it faithfully and well; make good work in your reaping, even in the day of small things, and God will give you the great things some day. "He who can take no interest in what is small, will take false interest in what is great." Show your Lord that out of very love to Him that field of yours, however small, will be perfectly dealt with.

I plead for this, as I know so many of my faithful, devoted and new comrades are so placed that great numbers may be regarded as highly improbable, the limited population being the chief contributing factor.

Carry forth, then, the face of smiling expectation; show your comrades that you are, at any rate, one of the believers, and are in for some reaping. "The fields are white." Souls around you are ready and nearer salvation than is sometimes thought.

May you come forth soon, bearing your sheaves with you, rejoicing, and confident for still more.

'Oh, For Rain! Rain!! Rain!!!'

Such Has Been the Repeated Cry in This Thirsty

World of Ours

There are *thirsty souls*, everywhere—thirsting for kindness, for care, for a home, and most of all for love—the Love of God.

Who will help us to carry to them the *Water of Life*?

Some must remain thirsty, yea, will probably perish, unless this cry is *speedily* heeded.

Those who realize the *great need* are earnestly requested to write now, and apply for a "Water Carrier's Commission," to:—

The Candidates' Secretary,
317 Carlton Street,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

NEW ZEALANDERS

BID

COMMISSIONER AND MRS. HODDER
AFFECTIONATE FAREWELL

Many Worthy Tributes
Record Attendances

DURING the past few weeks Commissioner and Mrs. Hodder have engaged in a number of intensive Salvation and Farewell Meetings at different points throughout New Zealand. Echoes of parting victories have reached Canadian shores and we feel certain that Canada West War Cry readers will rejoice with their Comrades "Down Under" at the notable and affectionate farewells that have been accorded the Commissioners.

Auckland's Adieu

The concluding meetings of the Commissioners' visit to the Auckland centre were most excellent in character. Eighty Officers gathered in Council and enjoyed to the full the last of such blessed sessions with their parting Leader. Tributes of the highest order by Departmental Heads and outside representatives overwhelmed New Zealand's farewell Commissioned.

The Public Farewell held in the Town Hall was most affectionate and enthusiastic. A remarkably large crowd gathered and many were turned away unable to gain admission. The Young People of Auckland rendered a program which was afterwards voted to be "the best ever." In his final message the Commissioner came to close grips with the unsaved and urged upon all the absolute necessity of giving attention to eternal realities. Mrs. Hodder, whose eloquent platform work has added much to the success of the Meetings, also delivered a tender farewell address on this occasion.

Palmerston's Best

A glorious weekend was experienced at Palmerston when the Commissioners led a series of farewell gatherings there.

On Sunday morning contingents of Salvationists and friends began to arrive from the surrounding districts and soon Open-Airs were in full swing at several points of vantage. The indoor Meeting was an hour of rich spiritual helpfulness. In this meeting Staff-Captain Bladin's leading of song was a considerable help in creating an atmosphere of devotion. The Commissioner's address on "Faithfulness" was most timely and when he had concluded summoning, both from Holy Writ and his own experience, instances of the reward of unfaithfulness, almost the entire audience rose and gave of their inate consecration to God for future service.

A Civic Farewell was accorded the departing Leaders in the afternoon at the Palace Theatre. Mr. Nash, the Mayor, was unstinted in his eulogy of The Army's work and paid sincere personal tribute to the Commissioners.

Sixteen Seekers

A Salvation Meeting at night was held in the Theatre, which was crowded to the doors. Mrs. Hodder for her last message spoke from the refrain of a beautiful song "Jesus is Mighty to Save." Coming direct from her heart, the notes of warning and encouragement moved to reverence the great crowd of listeners. The Commissioner delivered the concluding address in which the exceeding sinfulness of sin was revealed and hypocrisy was unmasked. In no uncertain manner he also dealt with the curse of liquor in the land. At the close of the meeting sixteen seekers were registered at the Mercy Seat and one Candidate for Officership secured. The Officers' Local Musical Combinations worked together splendidly to make it one of Palmerston's best days and a worthy tribute to their departing Leaders.

Our BANDSMEN AND SONGSTERS



A SONG THAT WENT HOME

How a Little Songster Won Her Father

THE Hall was crowded. A prayer-meeting was in progress. The Officer who was leading had fought hard and long, and had been backed up well by the Locals and Soldiers of the Corps, but a cold and hard spirit appeared somehow to have settled upon the people.

It was felt that something out of the ordinary—an angel, if it could be possible—was wanted.

A forlorn little lassie, poorly clad, looking thin and ill, and with her pathetic face pitifully bruised, rose timidly from a seat and made her way to the front, quietly and almost unnoticed. Where was she going—to get a better seat? No, she paused right on—to the penitent-form? No, she mounted the platform step, and it was noticed that she wore an Army brooch—small and battered, but still shining out Salvation.

Tremblingly she went to the side of the Officer and touched his hand. He looked down surprised to see her there.

"Please may I sing?" she asked.

There was, somehow, a different feeling in the meeting as the childish voice rang out:

"Would you be free from your burden of sin?
There's wonderful power in the Blood."

Hearts were thrilled. Tears rushed unbidden to many eyes. A wretched, besotted man rose from his seat and staggered to the penitent-form. It was the little singer's father—he was a drunkard, and the bruises on her sweet face were caused by his hand the night before, when the dear little girl sprang between him and her dearly-loved and sorely-tried mother.

Before the singer finished, many other men and women followed the repentant father to the mercy-seat. Who will say that the little Songster was not God's angel?

UNEARTHING OLD SONGS

GOOD-BYE PHARAOH

WHEN I left old Egypt's land
Oh, my! Oh, my!
When I left old Egypt's land
Pharaoh fairly cried.
While he was ironing-making,
My heart was aching, aching.
Good-bye, Pharaoh, good-bye.
While he was ironing-making,
My heart was aching, aching.
Good-bye, Pharaoh, good-bye.

Chorus

Good-bye, Pharaoh, Pharaoh,
Good-bye, Pharaoh, Pharaoh,
Good-bye, Pharaoh, good-bye.
Good-bye, Pharaoh, Pharaoh,
Good-bye, Pharaoh, Pharaoh,
Good-bye, Pharaoh, good-bye.

When I left old Egypt's land
Good reason why.

When I left old Egypt's land
Thought I sure would die.
My heart was aching, aching.
My eyes were waking, waking.
Good-bye, Pharaoh, good-bye.

When I left old Egypt's land
Good-bye, good-bye,
Frogs and lilies I could not stand,
Locusts in the way.
The drum was beating, beating,
The Captain preaching, preaching.
Good-bye, Pharaoh, good-bye.

Bandsmen and Bandsmen

To which category do you belong?

THERE are Bandsmen and Bandsmen, and the difference between the two can be very great. The one belonging to the first category does his duty only because he is a Bandsman. He abides by the Orders and Regulations because they are a necessary part of his membership. His leaders have said "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not," and he does, and he doesn't, because they have said so. But this does not prevent him from indulging in a grumble now and again. He wishes the rules were different, doesn't see why the Regulations should exist, cannot make out how he stands that "encroachment upon his liberty." He is still a good Bandsman to all appearances—but he wouldn't be if the Regulations weren't so strict.

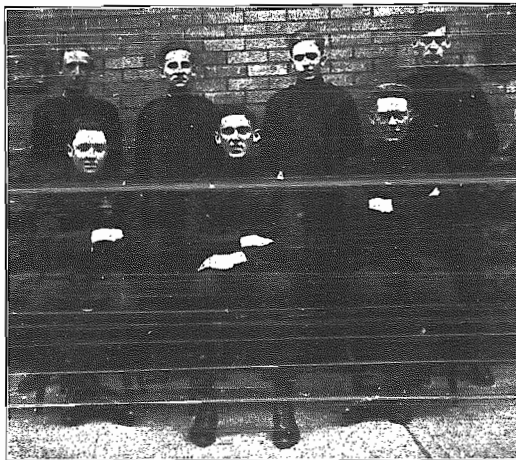
The other man looks at the same thing from a different angle. He realizes that many folk are wiser than he is. Where he sees a mile, they see twenty. Where he sees a pleasure they see a deadly danger. He knows this. They say "Thou shalt not!" and he doesn't, because he knows that it isn't good for him or his comrades. He became a Bandsman with his eyes open and doesn't make himself uncomfortable by chafing at that which he has voluntarily accepted.

He possesses sufficient common sense to see that without binding laws, any organization of human beings would soon degenerate into chaotic confusion, and, because of this, never feels like kicking over the traces like the other man does.

There is one big difference between these two Bandsmen. Frenchmen call it "esprit de corps." The first doesn't care much about what the Organization looks like to outsiders so long as he can have his own way. He would rather merge his individuality into that of the crowd than be chaffed for being different to the rest. When a work-mate asks him "Why do your leaders say 'Thou shalt not!'" he blushes, stammers, and inwardly wishes that they didn't.

To which category do you belong? Take stock of yourself. When you are doing it just remember this: The man who has convictions and is not afraid of saying so, is of more use in the world than the one who does not think strongly about anything, but gets very uncomfortable in trying to fit in with an organization that does.

There is only one category for perfectly fit men. You know which is A1 of the two mentioned here. Get into it and be fit for your job.



REINFORCEMENTS FOR VANCOUVER I SENIOR BAND

Top row (left to right): Tom Mills, Len Strubbery, Frank Hopkins, and Arthur Allen.
Bottom row: Leslie Jones, Andrew Grant, and Gordon Lewis.

These seven energetic Y. P. Bandsmen have recently been transferred to the Senior Combination and will no doubt prove a valuable asset to them.

There still remain, however, over twenty young instrumentalists in the Y. P. Band, who take an active part in the Corps work and hold two Open-Airs by themselves each Sunday.

WE SALVATIONISTS

have every cause for always having a song on our lips—
THEN LET US SING!

HINTS ON TIMBREL PLAYING

By a Lover of the Timbrel

I HAVE never seen any manual or book of instructions on the art of playing this useful and popular Salvation Army instrument; and that, I suppose, is why our Timbrel players have to make rules of their own, and find out a method of their own, with the result that they beat and shake and punch and punish the poor thing to their heart's content, but often to the disgust of those who have to listen to them. A timbrel is a good and useful instrument, if properly used; but it is an intolerable nuisance when "played with."

The writer has had the pleasure of organizing a number of timbrel bands, from twelve to forty strong, and in the absence of any full or more complete instructions, he has ventured to give a few hints which may be of service to those who play timbrels, or those Officers who are anxious to organize timbrel bands.

Play Properly

The timbrel should be held in the left hand, the top being held on a level with the mouth, not lower, a little higher, if anything. It should be held in a slightly slanting position in the direction of the body. The player should persevere in her determination to play properly. If another style has been got into, it may at first be a bit awkward to break out of it; but it will soon come easy and right. The time of the tune or song to be played to should be considered. Common time or other march times are suitable; but waltz or three-quarter time is more difficult, and that I will not here deal with.

The Thumb Beat

The first exercise for the learner is the thumb beat; run the tip of the thumb around the edge of the parchment in an upward direction, keeping time with the step or beat of the drum.

The second exercise is called the elbow beat. Count one, two, three, and four, using the drum or march step for your time; the one, two, three should be the thumb beat, with the word "and" drop the timbrel quickly a little toward the elbow, bringing the elbow out to meet it; as soon as it has touched the timbrel drop the hand upon the parchment again, in time for the fourth beat. The elbow beat should be an after beat, coming in between the third and fourth step. This is repeated right through the song.

Double Elbow Beat

The next exercise is a "double elbow beat," which is only the elbow beat above described repeated twice, exercise to the time of one, two, and three, and four, the thumb to take the first two beats, the elbow and hand the next two. A useful method is to play the elbow beat to the verses of songs, and the "double elbow beat" to the choruses. This, of course, only briefly describes one style of playing; there are endless changes and variations of exercises, but the foregoing has a pretty effect while some are playing together, and is easy to learn.

Care should be taken by the player not to hold the timbrel too stiffly. A graceful and easy hold should be maintained. The great charm about a Timbrel Band is uniformity, but nothing can be much worse than a lot of persons with timbrels, some in one hand and some in the other, each with her own position and style of playing. It requires practice to obtain proficiency in the art of playing a timbrel properly, but it is worth the trouble.

HEAPS OF DEAD BODIES

4,000,000 Russians Starving

A FRIGHTFUL picture of the conditions in Russia has been supplied by the International Committee on Russian Relief. A report says:—

There are over 4,000,000 starving out of a population of 15,000,000. The land is burnt black and stripped of trees and plants. One sees the straw of roofs used as food by both men and cattle, and hears people tell that they have eaten all the dogs and cats and crows they could get—even dead cattle, harness, leather, and the wood of furniture. You meet people who have eaten their children or their sisters and brothers, and you see people like skeletons lying in their houses, waiting for death. You see the bones which starve and other sick people are brought to receive care, but there are no beds, linen or medicine, and often no physicians. The patients lie together on the floor in the utmost misery. You also see heaps of dead bodies, none having sufficient strength to bury them.

According to an article by the Editor of Stead's Magazine, who has just returned from his journey through Russia, the main cause of the famine are the requisitions of food by the Soviet Government for the Red Army. In 1918, before the first big requisition, there was no shortage. After the first requisition in 1919, the peasants began to starve more than enough for their own needs. Other requisitions followed, and the sowing dwindled down to a third of what it was in 1919. This, and the Bolshevik misgovernment, with a drought, brought about the present misery. By far the greater part of the relief is furnished by British and American administrations.

POSTPONING OLD AGE

SIX veteran New Yorkers the other evening discussed "Old Times and New" in the town hall of the city. Every one of the speakers sounded the note of optimism. Dr. Lyman Abbott at 85, Dr. Stephen Smith at 98, Maj. Putnam at 77, Dr. Simon Baruch at 81, Henry Holt at 81 and Dr. C. H. Parkhurst at 78, all emphasized the improvement in health and morals and general living conditions in the last half century. Through their long years they have been too busy to brood and indulge in "moods" and their hopefulness of spirit has helped to keep them hale and hearty. They have the perils of childhood, the thing to do is to exercise reasonable care in the manner of living, and work hard, play hard and rest hard. The result will be a postponement of senility and a vast enlargement of the enjoyment and profits of life.

THE BABY AND THE APPLE

PERSISTENCE is a marked characteristic of true faith, and it is a quality which God encourages all through His Word. Why should God wish us to keep on asking and urging our claim on Him, when He seems to deny us? Some one asks. Is it not a sort of setting up of our will against His? No, not at all; it is rather a falling in with His expressed will.

The writer saw a wise mother exercising her baby to give him strength. She put a bright apple before his wondering eyes as he stretched out upon the floor, and instantly the idle muscles began to work in order to reach it. When baby had squirmed and wriggled himself nearly up to it his mother moved the apple away a bit, and lured on he followed the pretty thing across the carpet. Till she thought he had had the right amount of exercise, and then she allowed the fat hands to reach and hold it.

Exercise is a necessity for life and health in spiritual things as well as physical; and faith, the spiritual hand by which our soul grasps the promises cannot grow without exercise. As the baby would have lacked something if he had secured the apple at the first effort, so faith would in the end grow lank and weak, like a hot-house plant, if our prayers were all answered immediately and the promises fulfilled at the first asking.

THE WORLD: Its Ways & Says Its Joys & Sighs

WHERE THE AURORA BOREALIS GLEAMS

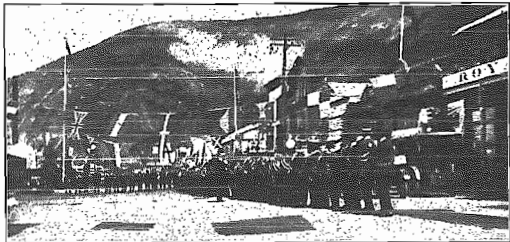
By Adjutant Win. Kerr, Financial Representative

THE Territory of Alaska has a coast line of about 26,000 miles, and in all this distance Skagway is the only gateway through which the vast Yukon Territory can be reached by train or connecting steamers.

The rail trip from Skagway over the summit to White Horse is a distance of 110 miles, and is one of the most interesting journeys imaginable, the traveler's eyes all the way feasting on the most delightful of scenery. For the first twenty-two miles leading out of Alaska into the Yukon, one makes a steady climb past Sawtooth Mountain, Deadhorse Gulch (where the old '98 trail can still be seen), until Inspiration Point is reached, from where Lynn Canal at Skagway can be sighted. A mile or two further on the British and American flags fluttering

Dawson City lays almost within the shadow of the Arctic Circle, and is the capital, and metropolis of the far-flung Yukon Territory. This settlement ranks as the most wonderful and widely known placer gold mining camp the world has ever known. Indeed here is the land of gold, of the mid-night sun and the Aurora Borealis; here is the land of big game, the moose, caribou, bear, big-horn sheep and mountain goats; here is the land of mighty rivers, deep lakes, gushing rapids, and majestic canyons.

Many of the old landmarks made in those historic gold-seeking years are still in evidence. For instance, The Salvation Army building with its Hall and Quarters still stands intact. In this House many lives were changed,



Scene at the Welcome to Governor-General in Dawson City on August 1st.

in the breeze mark the boundary line between the Yukon and Alaskan Territories.

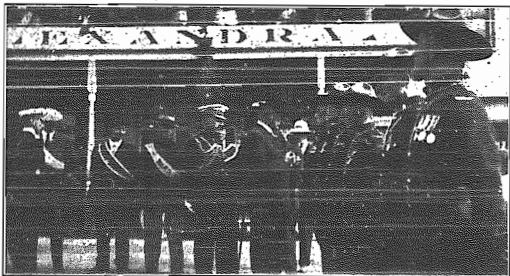
One of the features of this short trip by rail is the twenty-seven mile stretch along the shores of Lake Bennett, made famous by the trials and tribulations of the gold-seekers of '97 and '98 who stampeded to the Klondike. Over this same trail a number of Salvation Army Officers also did some rushing, not in search of gold dust, but in order to help and bless these excited wealth seekers, and to lead them to acknowledge the Creator of mountains and valleys and all the precious metals that lay within their virgin bosoms.

From White Horse, Y.T., to Dawson City is a down-stream sail of 460 miles and it takes about fifty hours to make the trip. Every mile of the

sorrows soothed, and wanderers lead to the Father's heart.

Since the writer has arrived in Dawson it is a common occurrence to hear such hearty greetings as, "Well, it is good to see the uniform again!" "Hello, Salvation Army. Good to see you," and "The S. A. here! George, but I'll never forget what they did for me in France!"

Baron Byng of Vimy, and Governor-General of our Dominion, recently visited Dawson City and was accorded a right enthusiastic sordough welcome. The City was decorated profusely with flowers, flags, and evergreens, and the tokens of welcome, and the settlers for miles round rejoiced over the signal honor of a visit from such distinguished guests. Practically the entire population of Dawson and many miners from far-off creeks were



Baron Byng Interviewing Pioneers and Returned Soldiers in Dawson City.

journey is filled with interest for the wharf to welcome the vice-regal party upon their arrival. His through Five Fingers and Rink Rapids. Excellency seemed pleased to meet an Army representative in this remote corner of the earth and made a number of inquiries regarding our Northland work.

MOUNT EVEREST ONCE MORE

Preparing for the Final Conquest THE advance guard of the party that is to try to get to the top of Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, is now on its way from Darjeeling, in Northern India, to the Upper Himalayas.

It will make a base camp, and from that the six climbers, all mountaineers of great experience, will set out.

Last year the expedition got up to a height of 23,000 feet, and then had to turn back, still 6,000 feet from the top. This time the effort to reach the summit will be more determined and more likely to succeed, because a good deal was learned in the course of last year's ascent, and also because the weather is reckoned to be most favorable in early winter.

THE LAZY LIZARD

IT IS reported that there has just arrived at the London Zoological Gardens a creature which "looks like a worm, but really is a degraded lizard, whose legs and ears have faded away."

This degraded lizard lives in the huge nests of the "sanba" ant, and when it wishes to dine it simply puts out its tongue and licks up a few ants.

That is, no doubt, a very easy way of getting a good dinner, but we have little doubt that the lizard has lost its legs and become such a poor miserable object through the lazy life it has led.

Organs which are not used waste and in time vanish like the legs of a whale, and the degraded lizard is a good example of the dangers of a sloth. It would be a far prettier and happier lizard had it and its ancestors had today to run about and hunt for insects, as most respectable lizards do.

WATER CONSERVES GASOLINE

A Detroit writer states that he would fill all spaces in gasoline and crude-oil tanks with water. He states, "Of course oil and water will not mix, but water always assumes the lower level. Thus the oil is pushed up against the top of the tank, where it may be drawn off." He affirms that though gases form, they do not burst the tank, but their pressure simply pushes on the water, causing it to overflow through an "automatic water-level tank" into a drain. As the oil is drawn off water takes its place in this tank, a float-valve permitting more to enter from the plant water system or other source.

As gasoline is so scarce, it certainly becomes us to find every possible way to conserve. It is believed that usually the best grade of gasoline escapes, and if it were recovered it could be used to enrich many gallons of ordinary gasoline. Different methods have been tried to recover the gas, but thus far they have been impracticable.

SOME TITLE

AN Irishman was signing a visitor's book at some place of interest and noticed that a number of the signatures had letters suffixed.

"What's the meaning of those letters?" said he, pointing to a "flash" signature.

"Knight Commander of the Bath," replied the attendant.

"B.B.B.B.B." wrote Pat after his name.

"Hullo, what's that mean?"

"Best Blonde Bugler in the Ballystone Brass Band," exclaimed Pat, increasing his chest expansion the while.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

How About the Crop?

Faithful Sowing will Assure an Abundant Reaping

WHAT a temptation to weariness of spirit often assails the housewife. Much is written and said about sowing the seeds of right influence—and with tears and prayers and infinite trouble many women are striving to do this; but sometimes the crop seems so small that they are tempted to ask, "Is it worth while?" The temptation to weariness of spirit is a very common one, but we must not confuse the temptation with the actual condition. The Apostle says, "Let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." He does not say, "Let us not be tempted to weariness!"

NEVER STOP SOWING

We may draw a lesson from the sower. If the toiler in the field ceased to sow the seed because wearied by the oppressive heat, or the coldness of the blast, or the uncertainty of the yield, what would the reaping day reveal? Not merely a piece of land on which nothing is growing, but an expanse of weeds; for even if the sower refrains from putting in the good seed the wind and other agencies will sow the seed that will probably not be good. So mothers, when tempted to give up sowing the good seed, remember that the children are all the time taking impressions which must either be good or evil.

It is no doubt a very tedious duty to go on continually sowing, especially when it is recognized that possibly a great deal will fall by the wayside or into stony ground, where, meeting with the reverse of its nature, it will be choked and destroyed. But this does not absolve the sower from going on with his labor. Some, at any rate, will bring forth fruit.

So it is when sowing seeds into the hearts of the young people. They may not bear fruit as quickly as you would desire, for remember that evil

A LESSON IN DARNING

PERFECT regularity is essential to good darning. The first object in darning is to strengthen weak places, and so prevent their becoming holes. Instead of holding the stocking over the hand, the worn part may be placed over an egg-shaped piece of wood turned for the purpose. Before beginning to mend a hole all broken stitches should be carefully ripped away, so as to leave firm loops through which to pass the darning cotton. It is a good plan, with a large hole, to draw the edges into their proper position with a few cotton stitches, which are removed when the darn is completed; this prevents the hole from stretching. After preparing cotton as you would for a thin place, taking a margin large enough to strengthen the surrounding portion. When the hole is reached the thread must be passed across it, and the stitches already in position will show into which loop the needle must be slipped on the other side.

Crossing a Darn

When the hole has been stranded (or darned already for crossing) turn it half round, so that the threads run right and left, and allowing sufficient margin for strengthening, proceed as before, taking up every stitch of the darning cotton (not the stocking web) alternately, and so completely filling up the hole.

A Jacob's Ladder

This form of darning is caused by the breaking of one or more loops in a stocking-web, with the result that stitch after stitch drops, leaving a long line of loose strands. The neatest and readiest way to mend it is to pick up the loop at the bottom with a crochet-hook, and carefully draw it through the bar immediately above in just the same way that a "chain-stitch" is made. Continue the process with each succeeding strand until the top is reached, when the last loop must be securely fastened with a firm stitch or two of cotton. As the "ladder" will probably have sprung from a weak place, it will be advisable to strengthen it with a small darn. The chain must be worked on the right side.

As in most things, skill in darning can only be acquired by patience and practice.

HOUSEWIFE'S USEFUL TABLE

ONE pint of butter equals a pound. One quart of sifted flour equals a pound.

One large pint of sugar equals a pound.

Nine large eggs equal a pound.

A pint of cornmeal, ten and one-fourth ounces.

A pint of rice, fifteen ounces.

A pint of tapioca, twelve ounces.

A pint of bread-crumbs, eight and three-quarter ounces.

A pint of raisins, nine ounces (lightly measured).

A pint of currants, ten ounces.

A pint of brown sugar, thirteen ounces.

A pint of maple sugar, broken into crumbly pieces, equals one pound and four ounces.

Baby's Rights



Lesson No. 1

PUNCTUALITY is one of the chief essentials for laying the foundation of a sound constitution. A baby needs regular meals as much as a grown person, and, whether fed by hand or otherwise, should be given its food at stated times, with nothing in between.

To give an infant food every time it cries is to form a habit which, in a few weeks, will be as impossible to break as it is harmful to the child.

The house will be disturbed by the infant's shrieks for the bottle, and the poor mother's nerves maddening; the child suffers the loss of the little lesson in self-control, and its digestion is enfeebled by a meal being taken into the stomach before the proper digestion of the former one.

influences are also at work there; but take hope from the Apostle's words, and go on in spite of your weariness, for your stronger influence will in the end prevail, and maybe the long-delayed yield will be of surprising value.

ALLOW CHILDREN TO ATTEND HOUSE OF GOD

You can sow the good seed in various ways. There is today a lamentable tendency to forsake the House of God. In this matter the housewife is in a position to exercise a powerful influence by guarding against the first inclination to "falling off" in her own household, and by fostering in her children a desire to attend congregational worship. That beautiful incident of the mothers bringing their children to Jesus is, I believe, recorded in order to make it clear to mothers of succeeding generations that they must bring their little ones to Christ in spite of the objections of those around them. "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," Christ said to the objecting disciples.

It is a sad fact that many children live in homes in which their parents positively oppose their being taken into places or conditions where they are likely to meet with Jesus. Mothers can to a large degree surmount this difficulty, and if they themselves cannot show the way of Salvation through lack of personal experience, they can at least see that the children attend some Sunday School.

"The children will go to the pictures; they have a perfect mania for it," said a certain mother. "You do not think it right for them to go," replied the writer, "cannot you advise them?" Carelessly she returned, "Boys will be boys, and girls will be girls—they are only youngsters, and they want amusement." "YES, THAT MAY BE TRUE; BUT DON'T FORGET, MOTHERS, THE GIRLS WILL BE WOMEN IN A FEW YEARS' TIME, AND THE BOYS WILL BE MEN, WHO WILL BE REAPING THE HARVEST YOU HAVE PERMITTED THEM TO SOW."

Silent Sense is better than Fluent Folly

CARE OF THE SAUCEPANS

A THING that is not very generally known is that it is better not to keep aluminum too bright. It oxidizes with exposure to the air, and this dull finish helps to preserve it. Constant rubbing wears it out. Aluminum saucepans should be washed with plain boiling-hot water and soap, and soda should never be used as it will cause holes.

The best way to clean the inside of enamel saucepans is with powdered bathbrick and soft soap, or a really splendid cleanser is powdered egg-shell mixed with soap. The metal sponges sold for the purpose are good for iron saucepans.

It is very important to keep the outside of saucepans and casseroles clean, as they then take much less time to boil. Kettles also should be very bright for the same reason. The bright surface, being a non-conductor, keeps in the heat. When put away saucepans should always be turned down to drain and placed an inch over the edge of the shelf to get dried, otherwise they become musty.

HINTS FOR YOUR HOME

DO not soak macaroni before cooking it in boiling water.

Sweeten stewed fruit after you have removed it from the gas stove.

A weak solution of borax makes an excellent wash for removing dandruff.

If you want to save a quarter of a pound of tea on every pound you use spread your week's allowance on a sheet of paper and place it in a cool oven for ten minutes. This will not only make the tea go farther but improve the flavor.

Scorch-marks on cotton or linen goods will yield to an application of salt and lemon-juice. Cut a slice of lemon, moisten a little salt with the juice, and rub this over the scorch. Rinse with cold water, and, if necessary, repeat the process. Dry in the sun, or expose to the fresh air, for half an hour.

Hot water should never be used for cleaning japanned goods. An excellent way of cleaning the articles is to rub the surface with a rag dipped in paraffin. Should any stains remain after this treatment, they should be rubbed with a rag which has been dipped in vinegar. Dry thoroughly, and then dust the surface with flour. Finally, polish with a soft cloth.

GOOD ADVICE

S hush gossip.
C ry 'Shame!'
A bor it.
N ever repeat.
D on't listen.
A lways reprove it.
L eave it alone.

We are looking



We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address: **ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.**

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

2856—Bacon, Henry—British, age 37, dark brown hair, dark brown eyes, dark complexion. Farm hand. Missing 12 years. Last known address in "Cartwright," Manitoba.

264—Bell, Mr. Gilbert—Used to work for Mr. Milne of Reston, Man. Thought to have a farm in Saskatchewan.

2886—Kirkwood, Margie—Age 30, height 5 ft. 11 in., dark brown hair, blue eyes, complexion fair. Native of Paisley, Scotland. Was a domestic servant. She last wrote from Central Delivery, Port Arthur, B.C.

2831—Purberg, Oscar Paul Olsen or Oscar Berg—Age 34, medium height, brown hair, blue eyes, missing since 1920. Last known address, Anner, B.C. He was then thinking of going to Alaska (Fairbanks). Was a soldier. Important news awaits him.

2892—Forsstrom, Ragnarvald Kirk or Charles Forsstrom—Age 30, last heard of in 1919, then in Vancouver. Was an engineer on board a fishing steamer. Used to be engaged in fishing near the coast of Alaska.

2897—Larsen, Andreas Cornelius, Sonnesen—Age 48, height medium, black hair, brown eyes, "cut" heard from in 1919. Last known address Millar, B.C. Last known address in Vancouver.

2902—Linton, Rev. John—Minister in the Methodist Church and was last known to be stationed somewhere in Saskatchewan some years ago.

2905—Bakkestad, Henrik Jacobsen—Age 30, tall, dark complexion. Last heard from in 1919. Last known address Dewdney Post Office, Dewdney, Saskatchewan.

2906—Chaffel, George—Age 36, missing seven years, thought to be in Vancouver, B.C.

2908—Johnsen Ole, or Ole Johnson—Age 30, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark blond hair, blue eyes, missing since 1919. Last known address Mowley or Sluicway, Saskatchewan. His own farm.

2909—Grandt or Grant, John—Age 30 height 5 ft. 10 in., fair hair, blue eyes, last heard from 4 years ago. Last known address, Robin Range, via Duck, Canada.

2910—Field, Leonard—Age 37, height 5 ft. 10 in., blue eyes, hair and complexion fair. By trade a bricklayer and has been in Calgary working on a building two years ago.

2911—Jones, William James, "Midnight Soldier"—Age 40, height 5 ft. 10 in., understood to be at one time a schoolmaster, later a cattle rancher, and for several years has been an itinerant. British, born at Abboton, near Colechester, England. Ceased writing to his mother in 1893 and has not been heard of since. Travelling the United States and Canada, playing his calling (pedlar) known to have visited Toronto, Ont., England, for Canada in 1896. Information, dead or alive, to enable the Trustee to use the estate.

2912—MacLachlan, Mrs. S. D.—Age 36, brown hair height 5 ft. 11 in., weight 120 lbs., blue eyes and wears glasses. Missing since 1920. Last heard of in Moose Jaw, Sask.

2913—Kelly, Frank—Age 36, brown hair, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair complexion, was born in Grand Falls, N.B. Went west 12 years ago. Not heard from since 1914, then working for the Dominion Bridge Co., somewhere in Saskatchewan.

2916—Porth, Thomas Abraham—Age 46, height 5 ft. 8 in., dark brown hair, blue eyes, tan complexion. English. Missing eight years. Last heard of in Vancouver, B.C.

2920—Hauff, Jakob—German, age 32, last heard of at Langford B.C., Victoria, B.C.

2921—Jensen, Edward Kristoffer—Age 39, middle height, brown eyes and hair, is a farmer. Last known address in 1921 was Box 26, Orlon, Alberta.

SHAUNAVON

Capt. and Mrs. Winckley asked Captain Winckley was asked to assist at the Decoration Day Service at Hillside Cemetery, Sunday, September 3rd, when many people gathered to pay tribute to those who lie in Platoon Fields and a few well-known words, Capt. Winckley, Mr. M. M. Richardson, and Rev. P. T. Dennis addressed the company which had gathered.

CALGARY II JOTTINGS

Capt. Nelson and Lieut. Christie

With the approaching end of the holiday season a renewed attack has been made by both Officers and Soldiers against the powers of darkness. There is nothing that demoralizes the enemy of souls like a determined offensive such as in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, and so we go forward to meet the foe knowing that The Captain we have chosen never has lost a battle.

The Y. P. Work has made considerable strides lately. Y.P. Sergeant-Major Towers is an untiring worker, and puts great effort and thought into this Department. The Salvation Meetings held every Sunday evening have been the means of winning many children for Jesus. At one of these Meetings fourteen children came to the Mercy Seat, and many of these are now testifying to the presence of the Saviour in their hearts, and show every indication of becoming good Junior Soldiers.

No less energy is being put into the senior work. Advantage of the fine days is being taken in honoring the out-lying parts of our district, and many of the aged and sick have been blessed and cheered. Special attention has been given to Central Park. On Thursday evening of each week the Band has turned out in full force giving a musical program to the crowds gathered.

Lieutenant MacDonald has farwelled after a short stay and Lieutenant Christie has been welcomed.

Four souls were captured during a recent weekend and these Comrades are asking their stand and testifying to the knowledge of sins forgiven.

—By Captain Philp.

THE DEMAND FOR LABORERS

(Continued from page 3)

I heard the late Commissioner David Rees relate that in his early years as an Officer when facing an audience, he repeatedly broke down and shed tears, and was greatly distressed by what he considered this show of weakness. One day he unbursed his heart to The Army Mother, who said to him, "Too few people cry over sinners, Rees, don't try to keep back your tears."

Can we do better than quote from The Founder of The Salvation Army! Read and heed what he says:

My Comrade, you are rescued from the waters; you are on the deck. He is in the dark sea, calling on you to come and help Him. Will you go? Look for yourselves. The surging sea of life crowded with perishing souls rolls up to the very spot on which you stand. Look! Don't be deluded by appearances—men and things are not what they seem. All who are not on the deck are in the sea. Look at them from the standpoint of the Great White Throne, and what a sight you have! Jesus Christ the Son of God, is in the midst of this dying multitude, struggling to save them. And He is calling YOU to jump into the sea, go right away to His side, and help Him in the Holy straits.

The Founder's voice calls to us—this time from the "Realms of the Blest." The harvest time calls to us loudly and urgently to reap. The Saviour's voice in its tender pleading is heard about all. "Take up thy Cross and follow Me." Will you obey?

"The harvest truly is plentiful, but the laborers are few." Will you start to work? Are you yet a Candidate for Salvation Army Officership? If not, send in your application today for the Fields are white.



What is your trouble?
Is it a personal matter?
Are you in soul difficulty?

Do you need advice and help?
Write to Editor, War Cry, 317-319 Carlton Street, Winnipeg, giving your name and address, which will not be published, and briefly state your difficulty, and an answer will be given in the War Cry or by mail.

Christian Perfection

PLEASE give in brief the meaning of Matt. 5:48, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."

This is a simple command of Jesus Christ to His followers that they attain to a state of perfection like unto that of the Father in Heaven. This state of grace is commonly called "Christian Perfection" and is a perfection, not of the head but of the heart, a perfect love, but of "love." See 1 John 4th chapter. It is the privilege of every Christian to be perfected in the quality, not the quantity, of his or her love for God.

The godly Fletcher said, "If you would hit the mark you must know where it is. Some people aim at Christian perfection; but missing it, for angelical perfection, they shoot above the mark, miss it, and then peevishly give up their hopes. Others place the mark as much too low; hence it is that you hear them profess to have attained Christian Perfection, when they have not so much as attained the mental serenity of a philosopher, or the candor of a good natured conscientious heathen."

This perfection is not an infallibility in either judgment or conduct, a perfect sinlessness being, according to human judgment was never found among men. Many even said of the Sinless Son—"He hath a Devil and is mad." But, though we cannot walk before the world perfect in conduct, we can walk before God perfect in love, for He judges our actions by the inward motive.

The bridge over which one must cross to reach Christian Perfection is sanctification, which is an instantaneous work wrought in the heart by the Holy Spirit whereby the affections of a man are purified.

Desertions

What is the cause of the unusual number of desertions from the ranks of the Christian Church in general?

Many Christians sincerely believe we live in the "last days." Satan seems to be making one final soul-reckoning effort in a large measure he is succeeding through the aid of religious professors, unfaithful ministers of the Gospel, and the promulgation of the many 20th Century soul-destroying doctrines. Matt. 24:1-23 foretells that through the great apostasy in which we now live. It would seem that the avalanche of backsliding Christians is but the fulfillment of prophecy uttered centuries ago.

Sharers in the Victory On Grace Hospital Tag Day

Mrs. Staff-Captain Merritt

Sergeant Halfer

Helen Walker

Doris Webb

Lena Guino

Rosie Guino

Miss Nunn

Mrs. Ellis

Miss Peterson

Miss Melvin

Mrs. Knox

Miss Chapman

Mrs. Gilmore

Mrs. Ashton

Florence Hatch

Miss Keifford

Miss Little

Mrs. Wherton

Mrs. Storer

Ensign Saunders

Mrs. McCullough

Captain Otterhill

Grace Morris

Mrs. Patterson

Mrs. Ensign DeBoisve

Mrs. Wilson

Lieutenant Marshall

Mrs. L.L. Colonel Morris

Mrs. Major Taylor

Mrs. Adjutant Oakie

Lieutenant Kerr

Mrs. Adrian

Mrs. Reissler Potter

Mrs. Summa

Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Phillips

Mrs. Brigadier Wharton

Miss Grace Nell

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Miss Grace Nell

Miss Grace Nell

Captain Merritt

Sergeant Halfer

Helen Walker

Doris Webb

Lena Guino

Rosie Guino

Miss Nunn

Mrs. Ellis

Miss Peterson

Miss Melvin

Mrs. Knox

Miss Chapman

Mrs. Gilmore

Mrs. Ashton

Florence Hatch

Miss Keifford

Miss Little

Mrs. Wherton

Mrs. Storer

Ensign Saunders

Mrs. McCullough

Captain Otterhill

Grace Morris

Mrs. Patterson

Mrs. Ensign DeBoisve

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Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Phillips

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Miss Grace Nell

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Captain R. Taylor

Lieutenant Healan

Captain Hunter

Captain Howden

Lieutenant Peterson

Mrs. Hiepel

Lieutenant Meares

Miss Hyde

Mrs. Staff-Captain Hobbick

Mrs. Bradley

Ensign Samson

Ensign Kniley

Captain Waterstone

Captain Sulley

Captain Remick

Captain Anderson

Lieutenant Jennings

Miss Ellis

Miss Jump

Mrs. Casey

Miss Beth

Mrs. Douglas

Mrs. Tweddie

Elsie Simpson

Miss O. Gravin

Lieutenant Bent

Mrs. Captain Dorrance

John Bull

Captain Newman

Captain Chapman

Sergeant Sutherland

Ensign Cox

Ensign Harbord

Captain Tanser

Ensign Burdett

Brother Stevenson

G. Merritt

Felousner

Mrs. Donald

Mrs. Palmer

Mrs. Palmer

Mrs. Palmer

NOTICE

Below we are leaving a blank space in which the C. O. can stamp any special announcements regarding his men. A set of rubber stamps may be purchased at reasonable price, and the scheme, if continued regularly each week, will prove valuable in advertising Corps happenings.

Commissioner
John Lawley
Crowned
(See page 6)

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada West and Alaska

Thrust in thy
Sickle
and Reap
(See page 7)

No. 121 (TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS) SATURDAY, September 23rd, 1922 (WINNIPEG, MAN.) PRICE FIVE CENTS.

GREAT WELCOME MEETINGS

To Our New Territorial Leaders

COMMISSIONER and MRS. HODDER

At The Following Centres

CALGARY, - - - Thursday, Sept. 21st
EDMONTON, Saturday & Sunday, Sept. 23rd & 24th
SASKATOON, - - Monday, September 25th

REGINA, - - Tuesday, September 26th
MOOSE JAW, - Wednesday, September 27th
BRANDON, - - Thursday, September 28th

WINNIPEG

SUNDAY, OCT. 1st, No. 1. CITADEL, 11 a.m.; - ALLEN THEATRE 3 & 7 p.m.

The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Morris Accompany



ECHOES FROM INDIA

The Curse of Caste
Moving Pictures in the East
Prevalence of Child Marriage
The Land of Extremes

The Caste System

9,000,000 Wives Under 15

INDIA has divided her people into three great classes, namely, high castes, low castes, and out castes. This is Hinduism's greatest failure and its most bitter fault. While this plan has exalted Brahminism, it will eventually destroy Hinduism. Moreover, it has never been reconciled with the doctrine of Pantheism. The caste system and Pantheism are antagonistic. Pantheism says God is all and all is God, while caste says, "Keep your distance." If Pantheism be true we behold, in the working of the caste system, one part of deity keeping another part at a safe distance from house, temple, well, and tank!

CHILD marriage abounds everywhere in India. Of the girls under five years of age, one in 72 is married; between 5 and 10, one in 10 is married; between 10 and 15, more than two in five; and between 15 and 20, four in five. There are 2,500,000 wives under ten years of age, and 9,000,000 under fifteen years. Action is being taken, however, to curb the practice of early marriage. Mysore forbids the marriage of girls under eight, and forbids the marriage of those under fourteen to men over fifty. Baroda forbids the marriage of girls under nine.

No Middlemen

THE newspaper printed in America or in Europe aims to reach the "average citizen" or the "man on the street." But in India there seems to be no average; India is a land of extremes in education and intellect as well as in wealth and in climate. At one extreme we find the land-holding and professional classes, many of whom have studied in English universities and elsewhere in Europe; at the other extreme are the various aboriginal tribes, such as the leaf-eating savages of the southern hills, living on vermin and jungle products, and head-hunting tribes of Assam. Almost every stage of civilization and uncivilization is found in India.

American Movies

"MUCH is said to the effect that the East is going to school to the West. Marked evidences of the fact come to hand in the police reports. A recent robbery from the bailiff's office in Rangoon followed closely the methods of American robbers as depicted in a movie film in that city the previous week. Not until American movies taught them did it occur to Burmese robbers to paste a sheet of paper over a pane of glass before breaking it. Nor did they ever use masks until they saw them used on the movie screen. The schoolmaster needs to mend his ways."

BIBLE HELPS FOR EVERY DAY

"Hide Thy Word in my heart that I might not sin against Thee."

Sunday, 24th Sept., 1 Kings 13:11-30. The dangers of disobedience. The prophet was hungry and tired and the invitation to what seemed a friendly home came at a time when his powers of resistance were at their lowest. It is hardest to resist temptation when it comes in the form of friends or in the name of religion and hides us seek an easier path. But remember Jesus and resist temptation as He did though hungry and strained after His long fast in the Wilderness.

Monday, 25th Sept., John 7:35-53. "Never man spoke like This Man." These police officers who were sent to arrest the Saviour were hard-headed men of the world, used to summing up people in an impartial way. But we see from their exclamation that the Lord impressed them as no man ever had. The Saviour's words touch our hearts when no mere human words ever could, for they smelt every circumstance, age and condition. Truly "they are spirit and they are life."

Tuesday, 26th Sept., John 8:12-30. "I am the Light of the world." Not only your Light and mine and the Light of our Corps and country, but of the whole world. If we would only consider this more we should not be so narrow and shut up to our own little interests. Do you ever pray for The Salvation Army in other lands? Read and learn all you can about our foreign work so that you can pray for it intelligently.

Wednesday, 27th Sept., John 8:31-45. "If ye were Abraham's children ye would do the works of Abraham." True they were descended from Abra-

ham, but they had neither his nature nor spirit. Abraham was willing to give God everything, even Isaac, but these Jews, while keeping the outward law most carefully, had no true love in their hearts to God. Keep the right spirit and then right actions will follow naturally.

Thursday, 28th Sept., John 8:46-59. "If a man keep My saying he shall never taste of death." The Saviour has promised to come again for His own and facing death, with Him it will not seem death, but just the beautiful gate into life eternal. Sometimes the Lord takes His servants so quickly and quietly that they do not even "taste of death." But it does not matter how we go. He shall choose the way and time for us each.

Friday, 29th Sept., John 9:1-15. "As Jesus passed by He saw a man which was blind." In the last chapter we read that the Saviour "passed by" and so escaped from His enemies. But as He passed He noticed this poor man, hopelessly blind. Jesus was always on the lookout for opportunities which He sought and made. He will teach us to see and use our opportunities if we wait on Him.

Saturday, 30th Sept., John 9:16-25. "One thing I know." The man, once blind, was certain about it, so certain that all these learned men could not shake his testimony. A witness must know, not think or imagine his facts, and then, however ignorant he is, his words will have weight because they are true. And if we don't know, no amount of learning or profession will make us of any use as a witness.